# WHEN MELBA IS MELBA.

A LITTLE VISIT WITH THE SINGER IN HER OWN ROME.

ings Oxicide of "Shop" Which Interest Hor and Sitt Her Lafe—Mer Pictures, Pets, Jewels, and Philosophy—A Lattle Mit of Reminiscence All music-loving people know Mme. Melba on the stage as a great artist. It may interest them and surprise quite a few to know that in her own home she is an ordinary woman, or at reality, she is a very extraordinary woman, in-

that's the way she describes herself. In asmuch as she honestly believes herself to be an every-day sort of a person. Confidentially, she isn't at all. In the first place, she never worries about anything, and that marks her as ope apart. She could give the members of the rarious Don't Worry circles points never d of in their philosophy on the scientific law of happiness, judging from the atmosphere of mental peace which radiates from her. Then she hardly ever reads anything that is said about her in the papers. But that's a story she refuses to tell for publication. When asked why she does not read what is printed about er, her mouth opens to an unsounded O, she shrugs her shoulders, and then anally admits: 'Because I'm so afraid of seeing so much about myself that isn't so," dwelling on each

o" with emphasis. At present Mme. Melba is making her home at the Hotel Manhattan, Madison avenue and Forty-second street. When a SUN reporter visited her the other afternoon she was having a high old time with her Japanese pug, who seems to be as much of an artist in his way as his

mistress is in hers.

"Oh, you've caught me," she exclaimed, "I was just having a little scene with my dog He's my Romeo. His real name is Rummy, be-cause he is such a rummy little chap, but I call him Romeo at times. He's a very fine dog, and a very fickle one, making up to every new

"What shall we chat about?" she broke off suddenly, comfortably settling her pet in a big upholstered chair and dropping down on a couch
"Let's talk about anything but music. I positively refuse to talk shop."

"Tell me how you live and spend your time!" "Why, just like any ordinary, sane, reasonable woman," she answered in astonishment. "What do people say that I do? Oh, I know. They see opera singers in their rôles and imthat we spend our lives doing extraor dinary things. I go to bed quite early, and, as I am a very poor sleeper, wake very early, so I have my breakfast in bed at 8 o'clock. Then I answer my letters in bed, get up about 10 o'clock, take my bath, and go for a long walk. I'm very fond of walking and being in the open air. In the afternoon I work very hard studying, not with my voice but with my brain. I dine about half past 6, and, some times, when I'm not singing in the evening drop in for an hour at the theatre. That's my life. A singer's life is one long series of selfsacrifices. I can't accept any invitations to dinners or receptions, or I can't do this, that, or the other, because I must take care of my

"Can't you eat the things you want?" asked

"Well, fortunately for me." answered she of the charming voice, "I have very simple tastes and am blessed with a small appetite. You may be sure I never eat anything that gives me in digestion, though. If a dish ever gives me indigestion once I never touch it again, for indigestion is ruination to the voice. Few things, however, disagree with me. God has been very good to me in making me an uncommonly woman, and I was never stronger in my life than I am to-day. Do you know, I never remember being sick in my life until I fell ill here just a year ago and had to break all my contracts and go home."

"You've grown very much slimmer," volunteered the visitor with a rising inflection. "The papers say you have lost all the way from "Fifty pounds!" she exclaimed with the mer-

riest laugh, born of amusement pure and simple. Those figures are rather large. I'll admit I've lost a stone. That's over fourteen pounds, isn't 181 All jesting aside, I've lost exactly twenty-two pounds. What did I do to reduce myself! Mercy. mercy on me! People don't say that I've been taking any of these treatments for the reduction of human flesh, do they! I wouldn't do that for anything in the world, for I should be too afraid of injuring my voice. Illness pulled those twenty-two pounds from my fig-ure. When I left America last January. I had a case of blood poisoning, resulting from malaria acase of blood poisoning, resulting from malaria which I contracted when Fifth avenue was so torn up. Every afternoon about 5 o'clock I shivered and shook almost to pieces until finally I went all to pieces. When I got to Europe I was ill in bed for two months, and really never knew a well day until June. I didn't sing a note during those six months, and so you may know during those six months, and so you may know bow ill I was. The only thing that I know to be affective in reducing one's weight is a siege of malaria. Anyway I'm not afraid of getting too fat, for I don't come of fat stock. There never was a real fat person in my family, on either side.

side.
tell the truth, I'm sometimes astonished "To tell the truth, I'm sometimes astonished that I am such a very strong woman, for my poor, dear mother died of consumption. Of course, I walk a great deal, and that possibly keeps me from growing stouter, though I do not take my tramps with a thin figure in view. I am so full blooded that I do not feel well unless I get my regular exercise in the open air."

"Do you care for any other forms of out-door exercise!" asked the interviewer.

"Yes. I used to be devoted to horsehack riding. All Australian girls are, and I am fond of diving, too. When in Paris I drive a great deal, for I have my own horses there, but I am elving up my house in Paris now, and buying a

Yes. I used to be devoted to horsehack riding. All Australian girls are, and I am fond
of driving, too. When in Paris I drive a great
deal, for I have my own horses there, but I am
giving up my house in Paris now, and buying a
house in London. London is a much more central and convenient place for me, and I am there
through May, June, and July, and often during
October and November."

"You won't talk shop," said the visitor, "but
suppose a young girl with a very promising
volce who wished to become an opera singor
should come to you for advice, what would you
say to her!"

Immediately the gifted singer grew thoughtful. Her eyes had a faraway look in them, as if
she were locking back over the years of hard
work behind her.

"If she were a rich girl," she finally answered,
"I should tell her to go abroad and study not
only singing, but the languages, acting, everything that one has to learn to appear before the
public. There are undoubtedly fine teachers in
America, but I should say go abroad, because
one has not the advantages in learning the langrages here that one has there. An operatic
singer should never sing in a language which he
or she does not understand thoroughly, for it is
very essential to success that you should understand perfectly everything that is being sung
around you. No aspiring girl should go abroad
until her voice has been heard by two or three
really great artists, who have absolutely no interest in sending her there, and she certainly
shouldn't go unless she has an allowance of
\$200 a menth. Living is cheap enough, but if
one has good masters one must pay dearly for
them, and then there are so many extras. I
have seen so many girls over there starving
themselves for the sake of learning their art
and so many others having really good voices
ruined by poor teachers that unless a girl has a
really divine rift or a great deal of money I
shouldn't be in a hurry to advise her to go
abroad to study.

"On the other hand, I rarely ever refuse to
try a voice when the possessor of it

hundreds of them, and they seem to care a great deal for me. They send me flowers and bon bous and write me the dearest notes and I thoroughly enjoy it all.

When saked if she had any other special interest in life except singing, Mme. Melbs said, with her usual frankness:

"No, I haven't. When a girl I was a fine planist, a very good organist, and I played the fiddle; but I gave up everything for the voice. However, I am very thanful that I am such a thorough musician, for this knowledge helps me in my work. I am a great believer in concentration. I think to do anything perfectly one must give up everything to it. I do enjoy light liferature and find time to read quite a bit, but that is a side issue.

"You seem to be found of pearls," said the interviewer, taking note of the magnificent jewels she wore.

"Yes, pearls are my favorites," she answered.

"You seem to be found of pearls," said the interviewer, taking note of the magnificent jewels she wore.

"Yes, pearls are my favorites," she answered.
"This one," taking a ring from her finger, "is said to be the finest pearl in the world. I sang one night in the home of Herr von Mendelssohn, a relative of the great Mendelssohn, and the next moroling he sent me this pearl, which is valued at \$5,000. Alexander, the Char of Russia, gave me this pearl and diamond bracelet. Isn't it a beauty! I'm going to forget that I am being interviewed now, and we are going to be just two women chatting about the things that women like to talk about. Oh, I've had loads of iewels given me by royalty. I wish I had them here to show you. I know what I can show you and that's the photographs of a few of my royal friends, who have given them to me, "she exclaimed, jumping up and darting from cabinet to table in her big sunny sitting room, gathering pictures as she went.

This gave the interviewer an admirable opportunity to study the great diva's appearance of the stage. She is surely good to look at. Her figure possesses the most charming lines of a woman, and still it is combined with all the most ingenuous graces of the girl. Her cyes are long and rather narrow in shape, dark brown in color, and shaded by long lashes. The complexion is of milky whiteness, suffused by the ruddy glow of health, and as for her mouth, it is one of those mouths which drive painters to despair, charm poets, and set the average man crary. A woman's heart is so evident in all of Mmc. Meloa's movements, and that, perhaps, after all is the secret of her charming personality.

"Well, bere area few," she said, sitting down

Ame. Melba's movements, and that, perhaps, after all is the secret of her charming personality.

"Well, here are a few," she said, sitting down with the pictures. "This is the Duke of York, George, and here is a letter he wrote me with his own hand, and this is the poor, dear Duke of Clarence, Eddy, who died. Now we come to the old Duke of Cambridge, an own cousin to the Queen of England. I have a nice letter from him, too, here in my portfolio, and a number from the Prince and Princess of Wales. Here's a picture of the King of Sweden. You know he decorated me with his own hands, and let me tell you a pretty little story about it. When he received me he said: 'I want to decorate you, and he presented me with the decoration in a little box. I thanked him and then said: 'Won't you pin that to my dress.'

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "but where are the pins. I have no pins, and before I knew it he had rushed off for pins. We were in a small room quite alone. When he returned he pinned the decoration on my gown, and then said in a startled voice, 'But pins prick friendship."

"Yes, I answered, laughing."

small room quite alone. When he returned he pinned the decoration on my gown, and then said in a startled voice, 'But pins prick friendship.'

"Yes,' I answered, laughing.

"Never mind,' he retorted, 'I shall kiss you on each cheek, and that will break the spell, and he did.

"This is a very handsome gold medal which was presented to me when I sang at the Donizetti Festival at Hergamo last year. You see on one side is a picture of the old church on top of the hill at Bergamo, and on the other side is a figure representing music, I suppose, and the dates 1797-1897. I think a great deal of that medal, but this is the pride of my heart, 'she went on, diving once more into the portfolio.' It is a manuscript copy of Mendelssohn's 'Song Without Words,' written May 7, 1839. I has his name signed and the date. Since we've come to talk about all these things, I wish I had my book of memoirs over here with me. I could tell you lots of interesting things. Some day, when I get time. I shall bring them over with me next season, and then we'll have great tun going over them."

"It's a wonder your head isn't turned,' remarked the reporter, half to herself.

"No," exclaimed Melba, "it isn't. I have a sensible Scotch head on my shoulders, thank God. My father was Scotch. The idea of attentions from Kings and royal people and rich people turning my head," she continued, dropping down in front of her grand piano. "I'll tell you something that happened to me in Philadelphia which came nearer turning my head durn my heart-upside down. One night I'd been singing Lucia, and had a very big success. Buring the performance a blizzard came on, and when I went out to get in my carriage the wind was howling and frozen rain and snow rattling down. It was bitter cold. There by my carriage door stood an old, old woman waiting for me. I could see that she was very poor, but she was a clean sweet old lary. As I came out she said, 'Are you Me'ba!"

"Yee, I answered."

out she said, 'Are you Me'ba I'
''Yes,' I answered,
'''Ive been in the top of the house listening to
you, 'she said, 'and I've come here to wait for
you, Won't you please shake hands with me.'
''I took her oid face between my hands and
kissed her on the cheek. She burst into tears
and cried out: 'God bless you, beautiful heart!'
God bless you, beautiful heart!' I thrust some
flowers into her hands, got into my carriage with
those words ringing in my ears, and they've
come to me every day since.

As Melba related this incident her eyes filled
up and her voice was full of feeling.
''I never could find out who that old lady
was,'' she said brightening up again. ''I did try,
Perhaps she was some old singer. If the night
had been fine I shouldn't have thought anything
of it much, but she alone waited for me there in
the storm.''

of it much, out sac about the storm."

Mine, Melba has hundreds of photographs of famous persons around her apartments, but on her desk are only the photographs of children. It is characteristic of woman to keep only the pictures of the ones she loves the best of all on her desk. Mine, Melba admits that she is no excention to this rule.

pictures of the ones she loves the best of all on her desk. Mme. Melba admits that she is no exception to this rule.

"These are photographs of my boy at different ages," she volunteered, stopping up to the desk and handling them tenderly, as only a mother can handle a lifeless likeness. "He is 11 years old now, and such a sturdy little fellow. I love him," pressing his latest picture to her heart, "and he loves his mother, too. He is at school in England, and some day he is going into the English Army. I miss him and should like to have him with me, but he is at that age when I can't afford to take him away from his lessons, and then I have to do things when travelling around this way that wouldn't be good for a little boy to see. How I love children, all children. I have ever since my own child came to me. Now, I have forgotten that I was being interviewed when I can talk to you about my very heart.

"I haven't said anything about music or musicians, have I? Because I hate to talk shop," she concluded. "Please be kind to me. I sm not seeing anybody this year and rofuse to be interviewed. So don't say anything very mean about me. Remember we are just two women, won't you !" And once more she smilled that winsome smile, so bopcful and, what is better, helpful.
"Melba as Marguerite or Julietle." thought

winsome smile, so hopeful and, what is better, helpful.

"Melba as Marguerite or Juliette," thought the other woman as she went away. "Is a woman with a divine gift, but Melba as Melba is a woman with a heart, and that's more to the point in this workaday world."

### PATE OF A PIRATE CREW.

An Old Mexican's Account of a Pile of Bone

Near Corpus Christi. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 26,-About ten miles south of the town of Corpus Christi, Tex., a little creek empties into the Gulf of Mexico. It is called the Blind Oso, and near its mouth is a buge pile of human bones, the skeletons of at east fifty men. According to Martin Hinojosa, an aged Mexican of this city, the bones are those of a crew of Irish pirates who, about 125 years ago, made war on merchant vessels and little settlements along the Texas coast.

"I received the story," he said, "from the lips of my father, who lived not far from the spob where the town of Corpus Christi is now situated. It was about the year 1770 that that part of the Texas coast was first visited by the pirate vessel. The ship carried a force of about sixty men, and was commanded by a big Irishman who was known to the Mexicans of that section by the name of 'El Muerte.' For many months his ship sailed back and forth from a point above what is now the town of Corpus Christi, south as far as Vera Cruz. The pirates attacked and robbed all little vessels that they came across, and made many attacks on ranches

came across, and made many attacks on ranches and villages. They killed many people.

"At that time a band of brigands, commanded by a Spanlard named José Legarto, was operating in the mountains of the State of Coshulia. It occurred to a rachman living near my father's place to get this brigand chief to aid in resisting the attacks of the pirater. The bandits fell in with the suggestion and lay in wait for the pirates. One day the pirate ship was seen approaching the mouth of the Billid Oso. The brigands hid themselves in a clump of live oak trees near by.

"After a time the boats were lowered and a party of the pirates came rowing leisurely toward shore. Their firearms were stacked in the bottom of the boats, and they seemed to be indifferent as to their reception on shore. They rowed straight to their interview on shore. They rowed straight to the little injet, which was fermed by the Blind Oso emptying into the Gulf at that point. The boats were pulled up to the bank, and the pirates atepped out snat-came climbering out of the little ravine, their course being directly loward the brigands. The latter waited until the pirates had almost passed them before the order to fire was given, and them before the order to fire was given, and them charge was made on the outlaws. The pirates had no chance to defend themselves and every man of them had been killed in a few minutes. The pirate ship immediately put out to see and was not seen again.

"The bodies of the pirates were not buried, but were left piled up on the sand and made a fesst for the carrious birds and copoles for several days thereafter. The Mexicans of that locality always shunned the spot, and as the years west by the bones bec. me bloached by the southers sun. My father said that there were over fifty men in the party of pirates."

## TARS WITH A GRIEVANCE

WAYS OF SHOWING ILL WILL TO THE UNPOPULAR OFFICERS.

toots and Other Things Cood to Fly in the Dark in the Old Days-Strategy Used adays by the Men to String Their Sup to Time-Tricks of Soldiers in the Army.

Washington, Jan. 29.-Distemper and disaffection spread as quickly and disastrously among uniformed men as phylloxera among vines. A man-of-war's ship's company with a grievance means trouble for the officers aft, while an army post in which the enlisted men are dissatisfied requires very careful handling. Officers of experience in both services know these things, and take care not to put the enlisted men out of humor.

Few officers in the United States navy fall

to apprehend how well it pays them to make themselves popular with the men forward. The men forward know how to make it uncomfortable for officers who treat them with severity or injustice. In the old navy it often happened that officers who had earned the ill will of the bluejackets feared to go up forward at night after lights out, and there was reason for their fear. Such officers would no sooner set foot in or under the fo'c'sle, where, after lights out, there was only the dim illumination of a single standing light, than they would have to dodge all manner of missiles, "soup and bully" cans, checking blocks, mess gear, boots, anything and everything throwable that the sailors and marines, in or out of their hammocks, first laid their hands on. On such occasions the officers had but one thing to do, and that was to get aft as fast as their legs could carry them. They could make complaint to the commanding officer the next day, but they rarely secured the punishment of the men. The culprits couldn't be singled out. Even when it was possible to pick out the offenders it happened once in a while that the commanding officer declined to punish them. A famous commander of the old Tennessee, who died after becom ing an Admiral, was appealed to one morning by a junior lieutenant, who, as officer of the deck the night before, had been treated to a dose of flying gear on a visit t the fo'c'sle. "Do you know the men!" asked the com-

"Yes." replied the Lieutenant, and he named some of them. The commander was rough, ready and profane.

"It serves you damned good and right," said he to the Lieutenant. "The men you've named are the best men I've got on my ship. I've been shipmates with some of them since I was a midshipman, sir, and I have never had any trouble with them. If you had treated them right they'd have treated you right, and as an officer on my ship should be treated. I'd advise you to put in an application for your transfer, sir.

The Lieutenant, now a Captain tells this story on himself, and as he afterward became one of the most popular officers in the navy among the men forward, he evidently profited by this lesson.

Such ac's as heaving missiles at disliked officers are not done in the navy of to-day, but the blue jackets adopt other methods of getting back at severe or imperious superiors. For instance, they "lay down" on them. The amount of work that a disaffected ship's company can't do in a given space of time is prodigious. In coaling ship, for example, the men forward seize the opportunity to make the disliked officer an object of derision among his brother officers and to put him in a very embarrassing predicament before his commanding officer. They wait until the officer who has incurred their displeasure takes the deck and assumes command of the work of coaling and then they proceed to give an exhibition of how frantically a gang of sailormen can work without doing anything. They shovel away furicusty, but, somehow of other, very little coal seems to find its way over the side and into the bunkers. The blue lackets in the coal lighters pant and perspire under the strain of labor that looks quite terrific, but there is a lack of headway in the coaling of the ship. The disliked officer of the deck may chafe and mutter deep, dark things under his breath. but this doesn't get the coal into the bunkers. When he makes his report to the commanding officer of the amount of coal that has been got officer of the amount of coal that has been got aboard during his watch, it is found by comparison that it is only about one-third the amount that was hoisted over the side during the watch of the preceding officer of the deck, who happened to be popular with the men. A matter of this sort always sets a commanding officer to thinking: for men who are old enough to be commanders of men-of-war have learned by experience that it is as easy as launching a dingey for a naval officer to acquire and hold the good will of enlisted men, and that the usefulness aboard ship of an officer who has sacrificed the confidence and respect of the men is seriously impaired.

was attached to a ship on the China station a few years ance. He was a line drillmaster and it became his duty to take landing parties of the ship's company ashore at Chemulpo for drill instruction. When the men heard of the order the word "lay down' went around among all and the control of the control of

The officers were pussied. The commanding officer had a conference with them, but they could not decide upon what to do. The skipper, with some of the wardroom officers, want ashore the following morning and found the men walking around in an orderly fashion, or good terms with the natives, and all speechless and rullen. Those of them whom the skipper met he ordered back to the ship. None of the men made any reply, and none went back to the ship. The hiusiackets remained on the beach at Tahiti for more than a week, conducting themselves with perfect orderliness, but very litter in their talk about the ship out in the harbor. It looked as if most of the sallors intended to settle down at Tahiti and grow up with the country, and meanwhile the ship grew dirtier and dirtier and had a general unworked look. Then an American merchant living on the Island got the bluejackets together and alked to them. The bluejackets together and alked to them.

with the country, and meanwhile the suppersediction and dirliers and had a general unworked look. Then an American merchant living on the island got the bluejackets together and talked to them. The bluejackets together and that they had no intention of returning aboard. The American, who was a man of fact, went aboard the ship and had a talk with the officers, and then he returned and talked again with the men. He was a pretty good arbitrator, for the men returned to the man-of-war of the bluejackets who were ashore at Tahit that time say that the remainder of their South Pacific cruits was like yachting.

When a chief engineer on a man-of-war of today soquires the dislike of his bluek gang, they are capable of making heavy trouble for him. Aside from the commanding officer, it might almost be said that, of all the officers at anodern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary for a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary to a modern war vessel, it is meet necessary to a modern war vessel, it is not not the preservation in good condition of the ship's machinery. A loose screw may very easily disable an engineer is held strictly accountable for the preservation in good condition of the ship's machinery. A loose screw may very easily disable an engineer is and or war the necessary that the other capacity of the preservation in good condition of the ship's machinery. A loose screw him he engineer's department of an American man-of-war, but it is a matter of common knowledge in the nay that the wise of the ship of the preservation

company from the go-off. They didn't work, one morning, after he had been in command of the company for nearly a month, during which time the talk in the company's quarters had been growing more and more savage day by day, he appeared at reveille te ore the barracks to report his company press it to the officer of the day. When he clanked up in the darkness, instead of finding his company drawn up and ready to answer the roll call, he saw only the grizzled old first sergeant standing alone.

"What's the meaning of this?" inquired the Lieutenant. "Where the devil are the men!"

"C Company absent and unaccounted for," said the first sergeant, saluting.

There wasn't a single man of the company present at reveille, except the first sergeant, the men, non-commissioned officers and all, had slipped out of the quarters and gone over to Denver during the night. They were all gathered in, drunk and riotous, and they got ten days each in the guardhouse. On the day they were released from the guardhouse an Assistant Secretary of War visited the post on an assistant secretary of War visited the post on an assistant secretary of War visited the post on an assistant of the company of the day they were released from the guardhouse an Assistant Secretary of War visited the post on an assistant of the company of the comp

ered in, drunk and riotous, and they got ten days each in the guardhouse. On the day they were released from the guardhouse an Assistant Secretary of War visited the post on an annual tour of inspection, and C Company, which is not the correct initial, got into full dress like the rest of the companies to parade before the civilian official. C Company made an exhibition of itself, although nearly every man in the outfit had put in two enlistments. The way C Company turned out in mixed-un, fore-and-aft fashion as it passed in review before the Assistant Secretary of War was nothing short of burlesque.

fashion as it passed in review before the Assistant Secretary of War was nothing short of burlesque.

"Rather badly handled that company, is it not?" inquired the Assistant Secretary of War of the commanding officer.

The next morning every man of C Company was again absent from reveille, and again the men had to be hauled back from Denver, riotous and drunk. When they were sobered up in the guardhouse, the commanding officer drew them up and addressed them.

"Upon a repetition of this," said he, "I'll give every one of you a general court-martial."

That same night C Company looted the canteen in a body and engaged in a riot until the bayonets of the guard put a stop to it. The next day C Company had a new commander, and the company immediately resumed its standing as one of the best in the infantry arm. An infantry regiment that was sent to the Pine Ridge flare-up among the Sloux had so intense a hatred for the Colonel in command that many of the men secretly expressed their determination to kill him "from the rear" in case the regiment came to an engagement with the Indians. A number of the soldiers who made this threat were found out, general court-martialed, and sentenced to terms at the military prison on Alcatrez Island. But the infantry Colonel against whom the threat was directed he is now a Brigadier-General in command of a department—became a changed man from the day he first became aware of the disposition of his men before starting for the Pine Ridge from the day he first became aware of the disposition of his men before starting for the Pine Ridge from the day he first became aware of the Amanered and most lenient men in the service, and the soldiers could kick a football through the parlor windows of his quarters without his emitting a roar. brough the parlor window without his emitting a roar.

### THIS WELL SPOUTS CLAY. It Is Also a Sure Indication of What the Weather Is Going to Be.

From the Chicago Eccora. CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Jan. 23.-The Government artesian well at Lower Brule Indian gency is a freak that is puzzling the geologista of the Northwest. Originally the pressure threw the solid six-inch stream of water to a height of twenty-one feet above the top of the well casing. Soon after the well was completed the pipe would become choked, and at such times the water would not flow for two or three days at a time. Then without apparent cause the pipe suddenly would become clear and the water would again spout to its former height. After continuing for a few days, during which time it almost constantly spouted large quantities of sand, the water once more would become choked and cease to flow. This became so frequent and so regular that in time the agency authorities became accustomed to it and paid no particular attention to the freakishness of the well, which

became accustomed to it and paid no particular attention to the freakishness of the well, which is constantly under their observation.

But now the matter has taken a new and more peculiar turn. Arrivals from the agency say that beginning about three weeks ago the well at intervals has been forcing out apparently endless quantities of blue clay. This in itself is nothing strange, but the manner in which the clay is conveyed to the surface is out of the ordinary. The blue clay entirely fills the six-inch pipe during the temporary cruptions, and rises slowly above the top of the casing, exactly as sausages emerge from a assusage machine, until the top is so high in the air that it becomes overbalanced; then five or six feet of the length topples over upon the ground. The continues upward movement of the clay in a few minutes causes more of the column to topple over. This has continued until circular pieces of the blue clay aggregating several hundred feet in length have been deposited on the ground in the vicinity of the well, necessitating the employment of men to remove the huge deposits before the top of the casing should become compelied buried. The discharges of blue clay are accompanied by very little water, and the clay, probably from the great pressure required to force it through the well casing, is always hard and dry.

Another poculiarity is that these eruntions invariably begin a short time prior to the advent of windy or stormy weather, and continue until the weather again becomes settled.

DIXIE'S WIDE OPEN DOORS.

OLD-FASHIONED HOSPITALITY AS FOUND IN THE SOUTH. Region Where Vietta May Last Works or

Months or Years; Where Difference in Sta-tion is Not Regarded, and Where Paer Reigh-hors and Belations Can Always Find Homes. In the economy of social intercourse as now observed, the haphazard fashion of inviting a guest to one's house and leaving the limit of the visit to his pleasure is wiped out. People are invited just as often as they ever were, but they are invited for a stipulated period. "Will you come at such a time and leave at such a time T' is read within the lines of invitation, and this tacit agreement between inviter and invited puts things on a comfortable basis and staves off awkwardness. It is an understood fact nowadays that, no matter how dear and how congenial friends may be, it is possible for them to get into each other's way at times, or to be a discordant element if they don't happen to dovetail in with previously laid plans. "Delighted; but arrive after dinner; table

full that evening," a woman telegraphed to her brother the other day. The brother, whose home was in a distant city and whom she had not seen for months, was the sort of person likely to be an acquisition to any company, but his coming would have upset things, and social mechanism must run without friction. In conservative regions down South, where up-to-date social regulations have not yet penetrated, this prother and sister episode would read like a fairy tale. Che's and table room, previously paired guests, and previously taid plans to the contrary, the brother would have had to be provided for. Not for an hour, nor for a minute, could be be permitted to go to a hotel while his sister's roof was within reach. Hospitality in Dixie is of the old-time stamp; and people down in that innocent region still inconvenience themselves for one another and go out of the way to be accommodating and friendly and go on doing foolish and out-of-date things, just as if the new code did not exist. As to the etiquette of making and receiving visits, it is yet considered a gross breach of hospitality to allude, ever so re notely, to the expiration of a guest's stay. Nobody dreams of fixing a date for the speeding of the visitor as well as for his welcome. Once under the roof, to all intents and purposes the visitor might be going to remain forever, so far as outward appearances go. Notwithstanding that the hostess might be anxious to learn of her visitor's plans in this regard, the date for the termination of the visit is shrouded in mystery until accident discloses it.

"Mrs. Longstay told Cousin Alice yesterday that she expected to be back in the city by the 18th," a member of the family will confide to the mistress of the household.

"Indeed. Then you think it would be safe to write to Rosa to that effect ! You know she is only waiting to bear from me." "I don't know. Mrs. Longstay may change ber mind; but that is what she said when Cousin

Alice was leaving." So the matter rests.

Not long ago a visitor at a South Carolina country house was driven over to the next plantation to return the call of the family there. "On which side of the house is Mrs. S. related I" the stranger asked on the return trip,

referring to a woman she met there.
"Oh, she isn't related at all; she's a visitor," was the reply. "Don't you think her lovely! And the way she manages those boys of hers is And the way she manages those boys of hers is a marvel. She has them under perfect control."

"A visitor!" said the stranger in a puzzled tone. "Why, I'm sure she referred to some function that they all attended eighteen months ago, and remarked how much she enjoyed it."

"Yes, doubtless, she did. I expect it's nearly two years since she came," was the answer.

Two years seems a long time for hospitality to stretch over, but visits are on resord of nine or ten vears' duration and longer, and people spend the entire winter or summer with each other, or or else go for the spring or autumn. Young women, particularly those freed from school restrictions and not having yet assumed sterner duties, stay months at a time with their favorite chums. It is no infrequent thing for a whole family of city dwellers to shut up house and depart, dags and all, to some sisand or inland plantation for the holiday season.

"I know that Mrs. C. won't be happy without your wife, and her pleasure won't be complete if the children are leftout, so bring the entire household," wrote an island planter last Christmas to his city friends. "There's room enough and to spare," be added, "and we'll forget care for a while and have an old-time holiday."

In some respects the code made to fit modern exigencies is less hearty than the old code, which wasn't made to fit anything at all. Modern people never think of inviting a guest whom they cannot entertain so comfortably or so lavishly as they themselves have been entertained. It would do away with all the pleasure of personal intercourse should there be any difference in appointments. Where simpler manners and customs still obtain (an area rapidly growing less,) this phase of the matter is never thought of. "The best we have is at your disposal be it what it may. What you may be accustomed to, your own order of daily life, doesn't count. We would set before you something from our own harder, have you rest under our roof, and break bread with us as a token of favor." If anybody marvel. She has them under perfect control.

"The best we have is at your disposal be it what it may. What you may be accustomed to, your own order of daily life, doesn't count. We would set before you something from our own larder, have you rest under our roof, and break bread with us as a token of favor." If anybody ever stopped to analyze the old school hospitality this sentiment would be found at bottom, bervading all the people, from the well-off to the backwoods tenant, hard pressed to make both ends meet. Indeed, all unconsciously, the verlest cornflield negro cherishes the reflex of the same idea, and would scorn to begrudge the best his cabin affords, whether the recipient be in need or the reverse. The heartiness of haspitality extended by people in humble circumstances at the South is remarkable.

"I have a mission over on the other side of the pince. Come for the drive; we can get there and back by supper time," said the master of a cotton plantation one winter afternoon. The guest enjoyed the drive, with its reckless grazing of stumps, creating of virgin routes through the pine woods, and various excursions because of fallen logs, badly washed roads, and the like; but what impressed him most was the invitation to supper and a night's lodging from a tenant whose house they visited. There was only one feather bed in the house, it was explained, but that they should have, and the master and mistress would sleep on the floor. There was scarcely any furniture in the three-room cabin. The fat-wood fire biazing in the chimney place was the cheeriest object in view. There was no rug on the bare floor before the fire, and only hide-bottomed chairs and trude benches for seats. Probably had the men stayed they would have eaten off cracked plates, with two-pronged forks, and made a meal of hot biscuits, saffron colored with soda, bacon and hominy, and coffee that marked the cup. The tenants were well aware that the landlord's daily fare was a feast compared to anything that they could offer, and his house and appointments were palatial by contrast, but t

"When peddlers about here put up at such houses, do they pay for accommodations I" he was asked.

"Never. To offer to pay for food and shelter in a house other than a public hotel would be considered an insult. The fact of the entertainers' need of such compensation has nothing whatever to do with it; indeed, the poorer they are the more risk of hurting their feelings."

"I know something of that." said the visitor. "Over in Barnwell county I was out with a party of ladies on horseback one afternoon. We went further than we intended and some of the party got thirsty. I rode up to a house standing a little way off the road and asked a little boy who was playing outside if he could get us some water. He darted off instantly and shortly after appeared with a brimming bucket and a gourd dipper. After the party were refreshed I thanked the child and held out a quarter, but he put his hands behind his back and his cheeks reddened. I couldn't take money, he said; mother would scold.

"A disregard of the value of money crops up every now and then in this country, said the host. "For years we have had a family physician who positively refuses compensation. The only way I can get him to take any money is to stuff it into his coat packet when he isn't looking. You can make him presents, but not in coin or greenbacks. He is a competent dector, got his diploma at a New York college, and subscribes to all the current medical journals. He is something of an enthusiast in his profession, but is averse to any business transaction whatever. The poor whites and the negroes of this locality have been attended by him gratis for so many years that there is a belief among them that he is paid by the State. He lives with the people who rent the remnant of his plantation. All his friends have tried to argue with him about not presenting bills, but he looks so miserably uncomfortable when the subject is broached that they have to give it up. There is a dentist in a near-by town that does protly much the same thing. But to get bark to th

pened lately. Just below here, about fifteen or twenty miles along the Santee, there is a neighborhood consisting of families who were all more or less wealthy under the old regime, and still retain something of their formor prestige, although now in straitened circumstances. One household numbered five members, two bechelor brothers, a widowed sister, and two spinsters. They were a singularly united family, and had grown middle-aged and old together there at the old homestead, which had gradually become more and more diamantled. They held to each other and to a certain standard of living, until within the past three years, when all have died save the youngest brother, a man of 68 or 70, with a mild, chastened face and the stamp of a gentleman. At the funeral of the last surviving sister, two weeks ago, eight senarate invitations were extended the old gentleman to come and live in as many homes for the balance of his life. There was no fuss made over it beforehand, and ho one neighbor had consulted with another in reference to the matter, but with a common impulse they crowded about him, each purposing to do whatever lay in his power toward making the bereaved one comfortable. What was the outcome? Well, the old man was touched and a little bwildered by the interest he excited; but he put his hand in that of his closest friend and went with him. There will never be any question of payment between the two; they understand each other, and things will run on this way until the end. The guest will, of course, contribute whatever he can to the general fund, but if it is in excess of or below the cost of his apport it will be the same. Nobody will bother about it. None of these people is rich."

Haspitality is extended and accepted, as a matter of course, down South. Occasionally one hears of a wife disagreeing with her husband because he brings too many friends home to dinner, but it seldom results in separation or divorce proceedings, because very likely the wife knows that the husband is helpless to control this i

a young girl in a city home. The woman in question wore a cap, and was altogether too old to be a simple aunt.

"Oh, no: she's no relation to us," was the answer: "but she was my grandmother's friend, and has always lived with my mother."

"Weil, the other lady, whom you call Miss Caroline, is she related to you!"

"No: but she was my aunt's sister-in-law-my Aunt Georgie, you know, who died—and she has always lived with us since I can remember."

"How many people in your mother's household are not of the family!"

"Nobody cias except Paul," was the answer.

"Paul was Uncle John's wife's nephew, and she took him to live with her, you know, and after her death mother had him come here."

And these connections in law and by courtesy are all downright root and branch members of the family; not one boards; not one is asked to board or offers to board. They share and share allke in whatever they have, and if they happen to have nothing, as in the case of the grandmother's friend and the aunt's sister-in-law, why, provision must be made for them somehow. Their having nothing is not their fault; indeed, is not a fault at all. To be disagreeable or eviltempered or lil-bred would be a fault that might challenge criticism, but not to be poor. But then, you see, this article is written concerning a stretch of country and a people and environment that are very far from the ordinary run of things. Directions could be given exactly how to get there and view their primitive disinterestedness and never swerved. They would be delighted to see you if you went properly recommended, and in the spontaneous grainal atmosphere the plain appointments of their homes would take on a look of luxury, the simple service seem all that could be desired, and you would experience a warm feeling about the region of the heart, as though long unused chambers had been thrown open and the secription goes to the wall in the modern, up-to-date civilization, that forces social obligations into duties and makes pleasure amost as rigorous as toil. Too mu

that forces social obligations into duties and makes pleasure almost as rigorous as toil. Too much stickling for form and an overcharged list of acquaintances are apt to sap the flow of feeling or at least make it not easy to run, but 700 miles further down the coast things age the other way. Only one man in fifty likes his own society better than that of a congenial spirit, and there is time in plenty and good humor in plenty and a hospitality that leaps to life at a moment's notice.

#### POLITICAL NOTES.

The State of Pennsylvania is the birthplace of any of those who are now representing the United tates Government in foreign countries. The Ampassador to France is a native of Pennsylvania, and are the Ministers to Austria-Hungary, Mexico, Greece, Portugal, and Switzerland, Col. Hav. the Ambassador to England, is a native of Illinois, Gen. Woodford, Minister to Spain, is a native of New York, and Mr. Draper, the Ambassador to Italy, is

Alabama elects a Governor this year, and so do Georgia, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota Nebraska, Nevada, New York, New Jersey Sorth Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas Vermont, Wyoming, and Wisconsin. Leddy, the Populist; Pingree, the social reformer, and Jones-Daniel W. Jones-Jones of Arkansas, are among those who retire. A lively fight between the Republicans and Populists is probable in Kansas

Congressman John Lamb of Richmond ought to know what it is to have a man named Lewis run against him. Congressman Lamb, who is a Colonel. having gained his title by service in the Third Virginia Cavalry, was the Silver Democratic candidate in 1896. The Republicans nominated a man named Lewis against him, the Labor men nominated a man named Lewis against him, and there was an independent Lewis in the field as well. The voters preferred Lamb to Lewis, and he is now a Congressman.

A rather mournful account is given by the Rarlem Local Reporter of the recent sale at auction of the goods and chattels belonging to the Silverite Stuy-vesant Club of that locality. Furniture, carpets, pictures, and bric-a-brac: everything went but the oil paintings of Richard Croker, ex Mayor Gilroy, and ex-Police Justice William H. Burke. These were withdrawn at the last moment; but the crayon of ex-Senator David B. Hill went under the hammer, and brought \$d.

The Forty-second Senatorial district, now represented in Albany by John Raines, gave him in 1895 a plurality of 3,800. This district is made up of two countles, Ontario and Wayne, and Senator Raines carried both three years ago. He is an aspirant for renomination on the Republican ticket with a prospect, however, of having a harder fight on his hands than in 1895, for the Democrats of the district in-tend, it is said, to run against him ex-Judge Frank Rice, who has been twice elected Secretary of State and is generally regarded as the most popular Demoerat in the Ontario-Wayne Scuatorial district. He has been County Judge of Outario, and, when a candidate for Secretary of State for the first time, he carried that Republican county by a majority of 800 and he has twice been a candidate for the Assembly, and has reversed the Republican majority each time. A few years ago Judge Rice, who had previously been District Attorney of the county, ran on the Democratic tickel for the Assembly against Senator Raines, who has since been Congressman, and the battle was close and exciting. The Republicans carried the county for their State ticket by 692 votes but Judge Rice defeated Mr. Raines by 223 The proposition of Marion Butler, North Carolini

Populist, to establish an elective Federal judiciary to the United States, is not likely to be very seriously considered; but the more seriously it is consider the more certain it is that insurmountable objections will appear to its favorable consideration. There are now no elected Federal Judges in any of the courts, high or low, and there are no electoral Federal offi-cers chosen by the nation at large. The President, of course, is chosen by electoral colleges, not by popu-lar vote; and while Representatives in Congress are chosen by the voters direct, the basis of such sele tion is not the vote cast for Congressmen, but the population as disclosed by the United States census. In some States, Mississippi and South Carolina, for instance, there is an educational test which excludes so many citizens as to make the total vote in a Con gressional district as little as 4,000, where in a New York city district it exceeds 50,000. Again, some States, Michigan and North Dakots, for instance permit unnaturalized citizens to vote pending the completion of the term between their application and the granting of papers, and in Colorado and Wyoming women vote. These disparities, which make no difference in Presidential or Congressional elections, would make entirely impracticable the choice of a Supreme Court Justice by the people at large.

Four days before the close of his official service as Reform Commissioner of Correction Robert J. Wright increased the salaries of two Central Office Cerks in the department from \$1,200 to \$1,500, of the Central Office female stenographer from \$1,400 to \$1,500, of the Deputy Warden of the penitentiary from \$1,500 to \$2,500, of two Central Office clerks from \$600 to \$400, of the general storekeeper from \$1. 500 to \$2,000, and of one of the workhouse bakers from \$775 to \$1,000.

The gold Democrats of Kentucky are not very for midable numerically, but in Jefferson county, which includes the city of Louisville, they held the balance of power at last year's election, the vote being aliver Democrats 21,776, Republicans 20,657, and gold Democrats 2,793. The gold Democrats

TRIPS OF A SLAVE SHIP. THE WANDERER'S TWO POTAGES TO THE APRICAN COAST.

Her Commander Was Admiral Semmes's Brother, and She Landed Two Cargora Sucress. fully-West Count Savages the Victims-The Story as One of the Owners Tells II.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 27.-Capt. A. C. McGhee, one of the four owners of the slave ship Wanderer, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday at his home in Columbus, Ga., where he has lived for half a century. His associates were Richard Dickerson of Richmond, Va.; Benjamin Davis of Charleston, S. C., and Chas, Lamar of Savannah, Ga., and their venture was undertaken in 1858. Capt, Semmes, a brother of Admiral Semmes of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, was employed to take command of the ship. He was a man of long experience; a trading with the natives of the West Coast Africa, cool-headed and daring.

In the early summer of 1858 a regatta was arranged to come off in Brunswick Harbor, on

the Georgia coast, and owners of vessels North and South were invited to participate in it. Just before the big day a strange vessel sailed into the barbor, and the Captain gave his name as Sammes, and the name of his vessel as the Wanderer, halling from New Bedford, He applied for permission to race, but was ruled out by the managers. The beautiful lines of his vessel attracted much attention, and her sailing qualities were manifest. Capt. Semmes protested that he had not been fairly treated, and appeared to be very indignant over the refusal but his indignation was assumed. He had really gone there to familiarize himself with the various passages between the baysand sounds of the Georgia coast and the main without ex-citing suspicion. He had sailed up the great Ogeechee River which was not much frequented by vessels at that time, and had found a suitable hiding place in case of emergency in a dense swamp about forty miles up the river. \_Having completed his arrangements for the

outward voyage, he took on a cargo of trinkets, brass wire, bright-colored cloths, and other gewgaws that were likely to tempt the African savages, and placed in the lockers of the ship flags of all the different maritime nations, so that the Wanderer might show any colors she chose. Then he placed her in charge of a picked crew and instructed his first mate to proceed to the mouth of the Congo River and await his appearance. Capt. Semmes himself took passage on a steamer and reached a point on the African coast, where he communicated with King Das hominey, the petty ruler of one of the river provinces, lying along the Congo.

"King Dahominey was not a hard man to deal with," said Capt. MGhee, in speaking of deal with," said Capt. MGhee, in speaking of the expedition, "and as he was very fond of personal display and a great lover of rum, it was not long before he and Capt. Semmes had come to an agreement. The latter had taken along with him on the steamer a small stock of trinkets, and, to disarm suspicion, had given out that he was going on a combination trading and exploring tour. A judiclous exhibition of the trinkets, and the assurance that there were plenty more to be had, induced the savage chief to axroe to deliver on a certain date, at the mouth of the Congo, 750 of his subjects, between the ages of 13 and 18 years. The maies cost a little more than the females, and the prices ranged from \$1 to \$2 a head, paid for in bright-had cloth, trinkets, and gewgaws. King Danominey appeared to find little difficulty in securing the caspityes, and, at the time appointed, they were marched down to the mouth of the river, a crowd of miserable, naked young men and women and boys and girls. The vessel answered the signal and the poor creatives were hustled on board and confined in the hold. The Wanderer then set sail for the Southern shores of the United States.

"The death rate among the poor creatures was terrible, fifty of them dying during the homeward passage. Through the skill of Capt. Semmes the voyage was made without any serious mishap. The most difficult part of the cuter the mouth of the Savannah River was under the black muzzles of the gruss of the fort and it would have been madness to attempt to enter the mouth of the Savannah River was under the black muzzles of the gruss of the fort and it would have been madness to attempt to enter with that contraband cargo in open daylight. Instead Capt. Semmes crept into its mouth of the Great Ogeeches by night and ascended the river to the big swamp and there is seen the order of the order the expedition, "and as he was very fond of

light. Instead Capt. Semmes crept into the month of the Great Orecchee by night and ascended the river to the big awamp and there by concealed while he communicated with Lamar in Savannah.

"Lamar thereupon announced that he was going to give a grand ball in honor of the officers und garrison of the fort, and insisted that the soliders, as well as their superiors, should partisk of the good cheer. When the gayety was at its height the Wanderer stole into the river and passed the guns of the fort unchallenged in the darkness and made her way to Lamar's plantations, some distance up the river. The human cargo was soon disembarked and placed under the charge of the old rice field negroes, who were nearly as savage as the new importations. Attempts were made to put clothes on the savages, but they looked upon the garments of the slaves of the rice plantations. They were kept there for several months and then taken to New Orleans, where; slaves that had been purchased for a few beads and bandanna hand-kerchiefs were sold in the market for from \$600 to \$700 apiece. The owners of the vessel paid Capt. Semmes \$3,500 for his services and cleared unward of \$10,000 apiece on the venture for themselves. A year had been required to make the voyage, and Capt. Semmes cretainly carned his salary because of the hasardous nature of the expedition.

"In the spring of 1859 the Wanderer again capt. Semmes found King Dahominey ready to trade on the most liberal terms. On the second occasion he had to go further up the river is secure the cargo, but he succeded in delivering 600 captives at the mouth of the river. They were more intelligent than the first cargo, lighter in color, and better in many respects than those captured nearer the coast. A number of them died during the voyage, and the Wanderer was put to her best speed on several oeany fight, and a number of the captives earny light, and a number of th

and her cargo was disembarked at Lamar's plantations and turned over to, the old rice field negroes.

"These negroes adhered to many of their old superstitions. They possessed many tricks of catching small animals and reptiles. One would stand in the middle of a field and make a peculiar noise with his mouth, which would attract a cloud of grasshoppers. Catching them on the wing in his open hands he would devunr them with great gusto. Raccoons, opassims, hares, and even skunks were regarded as great delicacies, and some of the older ones had a knack of catching and eating ratitesmakes. "The nature of the last cargo brought home by the Wanderer became noised about and an investigation-was made which caused the arrest of a number of the participants in the affair, and the trials that followed caused a great sensation throughout the nation, although nobody suffered seriously. Lamar, who was reckless and hotheaded, went so far as to challenge one of the United States officers ongaged in the inquiry, but the trouble was settled without bloodshed. The negroes were sent to New Grienas and sold, except a few that were statered about among the Georgia planters. The profits were quite as large as from the first expedition, and, but for the breaking out of the war and the blocksding of the port at Savannah, the Wanderer might have made another voyage in 1860. As it was, she was hemmed up in the river by the blockade and finally sold to the Confederate Government."

#### The Motorwan Recognized the Conditions That Catled for Care. The uptown bound cable car apparently was

in the hands of a green motorman. At least that was the way the crowd of passengers accepted it, when, after each stop, it started up again with a violent jerk, which throw big m. a around like skittles. Straps were of no value. At Prince street a little old man got un and made his way to about the middle of the ar-He lost something of his mildness of expression when he was thrown suddenly and forcibly when he was thrown suddenly and forcibly against a young woman, knocking off her hat but he said nothing. Next a hig man made a parabolic swing, landed, and nearly knocked him through the window. Then the face of the little man grew very red. He pushed his way to the front door and shaking his finger in the motorman's surjey visage, threatened to thrive him off the car and run the thing nimself. The motorman "sasse" back, but the excited little passenger talked fast and dared him to do it again. Then he shut the door and waited; and every one held his breath when the bell rang.

But the fight did not come off. The car started as gently as moiasses, and never once from Prince street, where that one little man stood on his rights, up to Fifteth street did the car start in any but the smoothest way.

That motormes was not so green.